

Good Morning 668

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WINCHESTER

"DOES it always rain here?" I asked a local man. "Why, no," he said, looking at me in surprise. "This is the first rain we've had in a fortnight."

Every time I have been to Winchester it has been raining. This is just my bad luck, for the ancient capital of England has no worse weather than the rest of the South. Perhaps, in some unintentional way, I have annoyed St. Swithin, the weather saint, who lived here quite a time and who lies there in his golden tomb in the great Cathedral.

He seemed to have liked rain, for he even gave directions for his final resting-place to be made on the north side of Winchester Church, under dripping eaves. They didn't let him stay there, however, for when the Cathedral was built they took his bones into the edifice and gave him a shrine.

It is true that the showers were slight when I came to Winchester the other day. I felt St. Swithin was relenting a bit.

Like most cities and towns built on the side of a hill, Winchester's main street—High Street—is impressive. As you wend your way up to it, coming from the bridge over the River Itchen and past the fine statue of King Alfred, you feel you are working up to some climax—the kind of feeling you get when (or if) you climb a mountain-side.

And that feeling has its consummation when you see the West Gate before you at the top of the hill. It is a striking feature of your entrance to Winchester from the east, massive and rugged—and in interesting contrast to the ever-fresh glades and avenues of the New Forest you may recently have left.

Winchester is full of impressive and picturesque things from other days. That is natural. For when London was nothing but an upstart town, Winchester was old and mellow.

It was an important place before ever the Romans came, and it was only when King John lost Normandy at the beginning of the thirteenth century, making it no longer necessary for the capital to be near that part of France, that its importance declined.

As an ancient and fortified town, and later, city, Winchester had its full share of sieges, burnings and sackings. The Saxons conquered it; the Danes, who were rarely gentle with other people's property, won it; it was burned in the civil war of 1141; Louis the French Dauphin took it; Simon de

Montford sacked it; and Cromwell seized it from the King's forces and demolished the old castle.

It has certainly had enough history to suffice for half-a-dozen cities. And with all these adventures it might be thought that little of old Winchester remains.

It is true that much of it is what a historian would call "modern," but you have only to walk a few yards in any direction from The Square, in the centre, to come up against some tangible evidence of the city's history.

Most visitors to Winchester go to look at "King Arthur's Round Table" which hangs in the hall of the now vanished Castle. Nearby is the obelisk which refers to the Great Plague of 1666 which swept the towns and cities and countryside of England, and killed people by the thousand. Just off the High-street is the old Butter Cross.

And, of course, there is Winchester Cathedral.

Nobody who has visited the Cathedral of Winchester but has gone away with a picture and an atmosphere that will ever remain in the storehouse of the mind.

It is an event. Coming to it across the Close, with towering trees leading the way to the great door, you are first impressed by its size—it is the longest Cathedral in England, and the longest Mediaeval Cathedral in Europe—and then by its magnificent workmanship.

Many craftsmen laboured many years to build that grand pile, and in it are still to be seen pieces of work dating back to 963.

The tremendous reredos around and above the altar, with its stone figures of saints, is alone enough to make a visit to Winchester worth while.

In the building are the tombs of King Rufus, who got shot with an arrow in the New Forest, of St. Swithin, and of Izaak Walton, the angler's idol, who probably knew more about fishing in the rivers and streams of the Winchester countryside than anyone has before or since.

In order to get a complete view of the Cathedral, I climbed up St. Giles' Hill, on the city outskirts. No Winchester man can forget that splendid view, with the Cathedral as the most prominent and inspiring feature.

Next to the Cathedral, Winchester College is the most striking building in the city. Built in 1387, it is the oldest of the public schools of England, and many famous men have spent their school life there.

With all these ancient and noble monuments to a more leisurely age, it might be thought that Winchester would be mustily historical, but nothing is further from the truth. It is indeed for these things that the pilgrim from home or abroad comes to the city, but it is no less a thriving modern city where Twentieth Century men and women live and work and trade.

Perhaps it is that, lying as it does, on one of the most important arteries of travel—the road from London to Southampton—the constant

flow of men and machines through its busy Jewry-street and Southgate-street, keeps its blood active. At any rate, although it has that mellow, dignified air of all old Cathedral cities, Winchester is one of the livelier.

And, of course, it is a great holiday centre. With the New Forest not far away and the beauties of the Hampshire countryside all around, it lacks no population in the Summer months.

As the starting point of that old pilgrimage which men took in earlier days, along the ridges of the hills (so far as possible) to the shrine of Thomas à Beckett at Canterbury, Winchester has a tradition of hospitality which is evidenced by its many and commodious hostels.

A Winchester man knows many pleasant places within the city itself where a pint of ale tastes better to the local lad than anywhere else on earth—from "The Royal," in St. Peter-street, imposing and luxurious, to some of the more quaint little inns hidden away in the by-streets of the city, where generations of Winchester men and exploring visitors have sat for refreshment for many hundreds of years.

You will get no ale at "Ye Olde Hostel of God-Begot," in the High-street, but its antiquity makes it well worth a call.

Talking of Winchester's hospitality—the Wayfarer's Dole was still obtainable at St. Cross Hospital up to the war. It may be still, I forgot to enquire. It is a custom which has outlived the ages—though for a good many years it has remained as a curiosity more than a piece of noble charity. But in the old days, many a traveller was glad of that gift of food

and drink to refresh him after a weary journey.

I was sorry I could spend no longer than a single day in the old Cathedral City. It is one of those places where you can find new and entrancing things to explore for many days, without even going into the countryside round about—into the small villages many of which have interesting links with the past and many of which are delightful in themselves.

But I have put Winchester on the list of places—and it is a formidable list already—which I hope to make a holiday centre sometime in the future.

And if only I can tear myself away from the Cathedral (which alone contains enough to engage one for a week) I shall no doubt find much that will entice me to return yet again.

I envy anyone belonging to the city his heritage.



"Hi, you! Go easy with that snuff!"

TANDEM TALK FOR TEL. THOMAS MULROY

WE thought we'd walked into an indoor garden complete with aviary, when your wife admitted us to 148, Halton Mansions, Canonbury, N.1, Tel. Thomas Mulroy.

However, it appeared that Winnie had paid a visit to Florrie at Earlsfield, and brought back masses of extremely early lilac. Hence the lovely scent.

The merry chirping came, as you will have guessed, from Peter and your favourite Joey, who are usually keeping a lookout for you on either side of the window.

Although they are not in the photograph, Winnie asked us specially to mention that she was wearing the sandals you sent her from Greece. And very nice they looked, too.

She is very much looking forward to the time when you can go out on the tandem again. Remember Hastings, and the Isle of Wight, Tom?



A special message from your wife is that she hopes you are very well, and is longing for the happy days when you can be together again.

Everyone at home is in good health, and they all send their regards to you.

Florrie hopes you'll be home soon, and Mr. and Mrs. Cress-



Pots? He Picked Up His Spade

DIGGERS into history have leaves they found hundreds of made two important finds fragments of Roman pottery. in the South of England recently. One of them came about mostly by luck; the other was a more organised search which went on for twelve months.

A Home Guard happened to mention to Major A. B. Wade, well-known archaeologist, who lives at Bentley, Hampshire, that there was an old legend that there was an ancient pottery in Alice Holt Forest, nearby. Major Wade pricked up his ears. He did more than that—he picked up his spade.

The Home Guard took him to the spot where, rumour through the ages insisted, the men of the dim ages used to make their kitchen utensils and living-room ornaments.

And beneath a layer of fallen

Eventually an area some three miles by half a mile was found to contain these relics—it turned out to be the largest single discovery of Roman pottery ever made—and all because a Home Guard got chatty.

Major Wade thinks the stuff has been lying there some 2,000 years.

The local potters probably shut up shop soon after the Danes arrived. These gents brought with them wooden vessels and metal-work which could be slung about without breaking, like the earthenware things. And soon everyone was out of fashion who clung to the Roman ware.

The other discovery was made at The Warren, a tree-covered mound well-known to race-goers at Sandown Park, Surrey.

After a year's work Major J. P. T. Burchell and Lieut. J. Bate have turned up pottery, flints and daub belonging to the Iron Age. Among them are some of the primitive tools used by the craftsmen, including scrapers, graters and stone hammers.

And beneath all these ancient left-overs, the excavators came upon evidence of a living site said to date back to 5,000 B.C.—long before you were born.

It all goes to show that anything may happen when you start to get busy with a spade. But, personally, I've never found anything all the times I've dug my garden—except on one exciting occasion when I turned up what I could have sworn was a Roman "dinar." But when it had been washed and scraped it was only too clearly a George V halfpenny that had dropped out of my trousers pocket a few weeks before.

Still—I'm always hoping.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ginger Dick and Peter Russet are still Trying to Get Their Savings

In this second spasm of
THE MONEY BOX
By. W. W. JACOBS

PETER shook his head. "I have no wish to hurt you, Isaac," he said kindly; "excitement like fighting is dangerous for an old man. Give us our money and we'll say no more about it."

"No, my lads," said Isaac. "I've undertook to take charge of this money and I'm going to do it; and I hope that when we all sign on board the 'Planet' there'll be a matter of twelve pounds each left."

"Now, I don't want to be harsh with you, but I'm going back to bed, and if I have to get up and dress again you'll wish yourselves dead."

He went back to bed again, and Peter, taking no notice of

Ginger Dick, who kept calling him a coward, got into bed alongside of Ginger and fell fast asleep.

They all had breakfast in a coffee-shop next morning, and after it was over, Ginger, who hadn't spoke a word till then, said that he and Peter Russet wanted a little money to go on with. He said they preferred to get their meals alone, as Isaac's face took their appetite away.

"Very good," said the old man. "I don't want to force my company on anybody," and after thinking hard for a minute or two he put his hand in his trouser-pocket and gave

them eighteenpence each. "Wot's this for?" said Ginger, staring at the money. "Matches?"

"That's your day's allowance," said Isaac, "and it's plenty. There's ninepence for your dinner, fourpence for your tea, and twopence for a crust of bread and cheese for supper. And if you must go and drown yourselves in beer, that leaves threepence each to go and do it with."

Ginger tried to speak to him, but his feelings were too much for him and he couldn't. Then Peter Russet swallowed something he was going to say and asked old Isaac very politely to

make it a quid for him because he was going down to Colchester to see his mother, and he didn't want to go empty-handed.

"You're a good son, Peter," said old Isaac, "and I wish there was more like you. I'll come down with you, if you like; I've got nothing to do."

Peter said it was very kind of him, but he'd sooner go alone, owing to his mother being very shy of strangers.

"Well, I'll come down to the station and take a ticket for you," said Isaac.

Then Peter lost his temper altogether, and banged his fist on the table and smashed 'arf the crockery. He asked Isaac whether he thought him and Ginger was a couple of children, and he said if he didn't give 'em all their money right away he'd give 'em in charge to the first policeman they met.

"I'm afraid you didn't intend for to go and see your mother, Peter," said the old man.

"Look 'ere," said Peter, "are you going to give us that money?"

"Not if you went down on your bended knees," said the old man.

"Very good," said Peter, getting up and walking outside; "then come along o' me to find a policeman."

"I'm agreeable," said Isaac, "but I've got the paper you signed."

Peter said he didn't care twopence if he'd got fifty papers, and they walked along looking for a policeman, which was a very unusual thing for them to do.

"I hope for your sakes it won't be the same policeman

that you and Ginger Dick set on in Gun Alley the night afore you shipped on the 'Planet,'" said Isaac, pursing up his lips.

"Tain't likely to be," said Peter, beginning to wish he hadn't been so free with his tongue.

"Still, if I tell 'im, I dessay he'll soon find 'im," said Isaac; "there's one coming along now, Peter; shall I stop 'im?"

Peter Russet looked at him and then he looked at Ginger, and they walked by grinding their teeth. They stuck to Isaac all day, trying to get their money out of him, and the names they called him was a surprise even to themselves.

And at night they turned the room topsy-turvy again looking

for their money, and had more unpleasantness when they wanted Isaac to get up and let 'em search the bed.

They had breakfast together again next morning, and Ginger tried another tack. He spoke quite nice to Isaac, and had three large cups of tea to show him how he was beginning to like it, and when the old man gave 'em their eighteenpences he smiled and said he'd like a few shillings extra that day.

"It'll be all right, Isaac," he said. "I wouldn't 'ave a drink if you asked me to. Don't seem to care for it now. I was saying so to you on'y last night, wasn't I, Peter?"

(Continued on Page 3)

PUZZLE CORNER

1. When Patricia said "Quick," Oliver said "Hare." What word linked these two ideas in Oliver's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Beetle, Woodlouse, Earwig, Cockroach, Weevil, Ladybird.

3. Turkish is to baths what Roman is to: tobacco, sentry, Latin, obedience, emperor?

4. If we call pounds weeks, gallons ounces, and shillings days, and reckon that a gallon of wine weighs 10 pounds, how many days will it take to provide ounces of wine, reckoning 5 days per week?

5. Re-arrange the following to make sense, inserting the capital letters, and then state if it is true or false:

will shakespeare play to is a you called written what have known.

6. Which of the following

is an intruder, and why?—Antelope, Deer, Springbok, Yak, Elk, Gazelle.

7. Long is to short what fast is to—quick, slowly, rapid, slow, quickly?

8. A family party consisted of 1 grandmother, 5 sons, 2 grandsons, 1 father, 2 mothers, 5 brothers, 2 uncles, 2 nephews, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 sister-in-law, 4 twins, 2 brother-in-law, and 1 mother-in-law. What is the smallest number of persons who need have been present?

9. When Joanna said "Heel," Osbert said "Whist." What word linked these two ideas in Osbert's mind?

10. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Wolf, Tiger, Horse, Cow, Fox, Lion, Bear.

11. John is to Christian what Christine is to: Mahomet, Jack, Buddhist, Joan, Georgina, John?

12. If we call yards barrels,

pounds beers, and shillings drinks, how many drinks will 10 beers be worth at a drink per barrel, reckoning 10 barrels to 1 beer?

Answers to Puzzles in No. 667.

1. Black-lead.

2. 0 is out of numerical order, and also signifies an absence of quantity; others are in order, and signify quantities.

3. (a) No, (b) Yes, (c) No, (d) No; under the conditions given it is not possible to have a red and blue flower.

4. Sunday.

5. Crawl.

6. 63 consists of two digits, of which is double the other; other numbers do not.

7. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No.

8. Eight persons. (Father and mother and their son and daughter; the father's sister and her son; the mother's brother and his daughter.)

Two Humps and a Hangover

WHO'S ZOO?
By Cathryn Rose

REGULARLY every morning, at the London Zoo, Wally has a hangover. Strong drink? No. Buckets of water? Yes! It is due to his probable nightly mirages of sandy wastes; his dreams of long treks in the desert beneath the tropic sun of Central Asia and of resting under the palms in the cool of a starry night.

Wally is a camel. His job is to bring joy to hundreds of children daily throughout the summer months.

Although he really likes his work, his early peevishness is quite understandable. However, after he has had his feed of hay, and perhaps some greenstuff, he becomes quite amiable and ready for the daily routine.

In one and a half hours each day, Wally carries approximately three hundred children in parties of three. He is one of the chief attractions for the young visitors, who queue patiently to await their turn for a ride.

Born in Whipsnade eight years ago, Wally has been in the care of Keeper Williams for six years, during which time they have become firm friends.

He is an excellent specimen of a Bactrian camel, who sports two humps.

Usually he is covered with long brown hair, but at this time of the year his appearance is somewhat moth-eaten owing to the shedding of his coat. Within a month, however, it is replaced and he looks as handsome as ever.

During his "moult" Wally is especially allergic to draughts, and has been known to give quite an exhibition of buck-jumping when caught in a gust of wind.

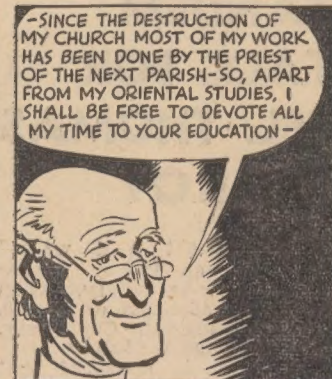
Wally knows full well what it means when, at the end of the day, his keeper waves away the crowds, and although for the past hour and a half he has been ambling gently along, he now gallops back to his enclosure—and to his dreams.

Mrs. Newly-wed: "I want a turkey, please."
Shopkeeper: "Certainly, madam. Trussed?"
Mrs. Newly-wed: "Oh, thanks awfully—I am rather short of cash."

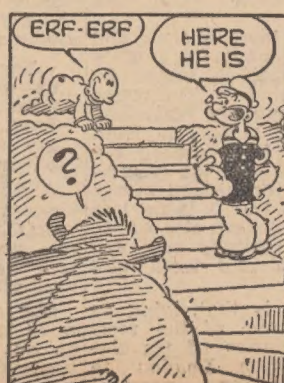
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 607

- 1. Behead an accident and get an apostle.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times in the following, and get a sentence: heelleahell-bytheeahore.
- 3. What four common words have ERV for their exact middles?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: You always peel an apple, but you — a —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 606

- 1. F-lame.
- 2. Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers.
- 3. Magnificent.
- 4. Spare, spear.

JANE

THE MONEY BOX

(Continued from Page 2)

"You was," ses Peter; "so was I."

"Then I've done you good, Ginger," ses Isaac, clapping 'im on the back.

"You 'ave," ses Ginger, speaking between his teeth, "and I thank you for it. I don't want drink; but I thought of going to a music 'all this evening."

"Going to a wot?" ses old Isaac, drawing 'imself up and looking very shocked.

"A music-'all," ses Ginger, trying to keep 'is temper.

"A music-'all?" ses Isaac; "why, it's worse than a pub, Ginger. I should be a very poor friend o' yours if I let you go there—I couldn't think of it."

"Wot's it got to do with you, you grey-whiskered serpent?" screams Ginger, 'arf mad with 'alls, and with a sort of an rage. "Why don't you leave me alone? Why don't you a bad turn they spent every

mind your own business? It's our money."

Isaac tried to talk to 'im, but 'e wouldn't listen, and he made such a fuss that at last the coffee-shop keeper told 'im to go outside.

Peter follered 'im out, and being very upset they went and spent their day's allowance in the first hour, and then they walked about the streets quarrelling as to the death they'd like old Isaac to 'ave when 'is time came.

They went back to their lodgings at dinner-time; but there was no sign of the old man, and, being 'ungry and thirsty, they took all their spare clothes to a pawnbroker, and got enough money to go on with.

Just to show their independence they went to two music-screens 'arf mad with 'alls, and with a sort of an idea that they was doing Isaac a bad turn they spent every

Then Peter saw the joke, and 'e begun to laugh so 'ard that Ginger 'ad to threaten to knock 'is 'ead off to quiet 'im. Ginger laughed 'imself when they got outside, and at last, arter walking about till the shops opened, they got into a pawnbroker's and put old Isaac's clothes up for fifteen shillings.

(To be continued)

ALEX CRACKS

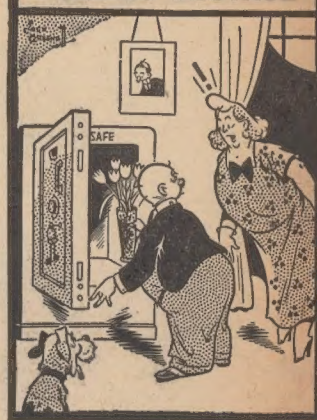
When you breathe into your lungs you inspire; when all the air goes out of your lungs you expire.

In geometry, if you don't know how many sides a thing has you call it a hooligan.

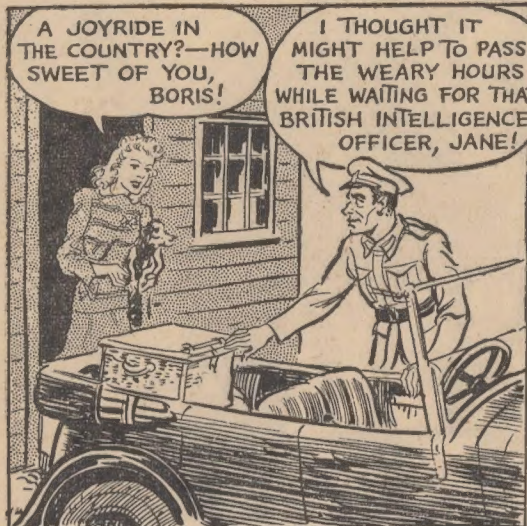
"Dinner!" he said. "Well, it wasn't so much a dinner as an organ recital."

An Irishwoman, who was recounting the troubles of her children, said: "Lucky are the parents who have no children."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Put 'em on the drawing-room table? Blimey! What, at five quid a bunch. Not ruddy likely!"



The Things People Do

THE men who stand on the kerb in some of London's principal streets and sell anything from a hairpin to a clock-work toy, all know "Auntie." They have known her for a good many years, but none of them remembers the day she set up business.

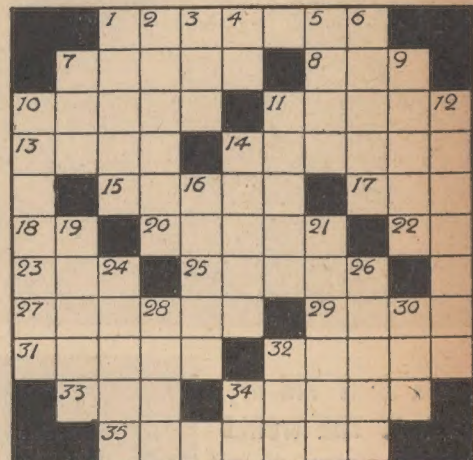
She is Mrs. Sarah Burgess who, at her little shop behind the Strand (the street used to be called Of Alley, but is now York Place), supplies them with the novelties they sell to the passers-by. And she is eighty years old.

It is over fifty years since "Auntie" opened her "swag" shop, and sold her first balloon to a street vendor. Since then she has been the friend of thousands of kerb-sellers and costers who have come to her for toys, song-books, street guides, joke books, post cards, confetti, and the famous "Hangman's Record," which contains all the chief executions for the past four hundred years.

Coronations, royal weddings and Peace Days are the high-spots of "Auntie's" life. She has to deal with queues of street sellers all intent on being first with flags and toy trumpets. The best day's trade she ever did was on Mafeking Night during the Boer War, when "Kruger's Ticklers"—peacock feathers at tuppence a time—sold like wildfire.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

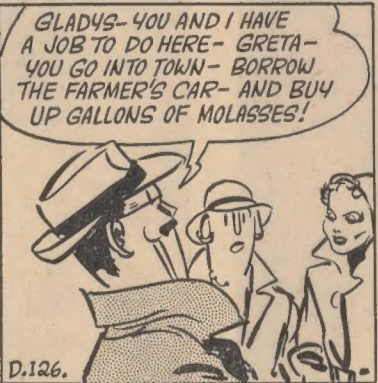
ABC	MOATS	B
SLICE	SWILL	
HAVEN	SONIA	
DILUTE	CON	
FELT	ATTEND	
IRISH		
CANCEL	ROSY	
HUE	ASSURE	
URGED	USING	
MAUVE	CHOSE	
SARAH	NET	



- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Exiles. 7 Ease. 8 Wood. 10 Headstrong. 11 Boy's name. 13 Poem. 14 One of U.S.A. 15 Shy. 17 Favourite. 18 Because. 20 Wild animal. 22 Note of music. 23 Cribbage knave. 25 Building places. 27 Tower. 29 Tender spot. 31 River of Worcester. 32 Boy's name. 33 Owned. 34 Small bird. 35 Marked out.

- CLUES DOWN.—1 Charge. 2 Draw out. 3 Stuff. 4 Animal. 5 Captured. 6 English county. 7 Jot. 9 Birds of prey. 10 Renounces. 11 Student. 12 Races. 14 Figure. 16 Money grabber. 19 Direction. 21 Cooking directions. 24 Extensive. 26 Strongly built. 28 Roughly made. 30 Turncoat. 32 Transgress. 34 Twenty-two sevenths.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning

Have you seen "Laura" yet? It's one of the smoothest murder mysteries ever told on the screen. If you haven't seen it — and when we tell you that Gene Tierney is in it (and this is Gene!) you may decide to make it a "must" on your list.



THE BEST PIN-UP GIRL IN THE WORLD

Her hair is as curly as the first fronds of fern which push through the earth in April, and it is the colour of spun gold. Her eyes are twin pools into which pieces of the blue summer sky have tumbled. Her smile is the sunshine breaking through after showers. Who is she? Why — she's the little girl who waits at home for every Dad in this world.



EASTER IN THE BACK STREETS

Mum's old clothes line and a street-corner lamp-post make a merry-go-round to delight the heart of any kiddie. This scene was taken in a back street of Manchester on Easter Monday, while thousands thronged the seaside resorts. But as these kiddies show — money can't buy happiness. Not yet — anyway!



★ And this is the "little woman" who waits at home for every husband in the world! This is why rolling-pins were invented! This is the moment that waits for every man who has suffered from a length of brass rail in the sole of his foot. In one moment from now the big dope will tap the barometer and say he never realised it was so late!

★ And below you see the poor dope in the toils of "The Demon Rum." In exactly one moment from now, the little charmer is going to extract his watch and chain.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"How does he know all the pitfalls of this wicked world?"

